

The Home Department

"Mother to Child"

Is there no way my life can save
thine own a pain?
Is the love of a mother no possible
gain?
No labor of Hercules—search for the
grall—
No way for this wonderful to avail?
God in Heaven, O, teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the
pain thou must bear
Is the pain of the world's life which
thy life must share.
Thou art one with the world—
though
I love thee the best,
And to save thee from pain, I must
save all the rest.
With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must
love thee in them!
Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy
mother must stem
The sin of the world. Thou wilt
weep, and thy mother must dry
The tears of the world lest her dar-
ling should cry.
I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone. I will gather
a band
Of all loving mothers from land unto
land;
Our children are part of the world—
do you hear?
They are one with the world; we
must hold them all dear.
Love all for our child's sake.

For the sake of my own, I must
hasten to save
All the children of earth from the
fall and the grave;
For so, and so only, I lighten the
share
Of the pain of the world that my
darling must bear.
Even so, and so only.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

"The Blessing of Rest"

From my sunny south window, in
all directions can be seen bits of
beautiful landscape, jeweled here
and there with walls of wood or
brick or stone—the home-nests of
the suburban world, burnished by
the summer sunshine into seeming
golden palaces hung amid the tossing
tree-tops. When the evening shad-
ows fall, glintings of home-lights
flash out from many a leafy covert,
and from many homes unseen by
daylight, the shadows of the night-
fall bring out rays of star-like bril-
liancy. Over the leafy walls I often
look, wondering what lies beyond the
far-away hills, and many a picture
of the probable and the possible hang
on the walls of vagrant fancy. So,
one day, I went out into the un-
known, seeking the solution of the
haunting problem, and I found—

O'er the hill, a little white-walled
chapel and a silent city, a peaceful
spot where the weary are at rest,
and where the world's turmoil does
not come. A peaceful, undisturbed
spot amid the cool country airs and
sweet, unchallenged sunshine; where
the changing seasons come and go,
each laying its tribute on the lowly
mounds which mark the silent rest-
ing places of something that we have
loved and laid away. On this side,
lies the great, groaning world, with
its toil, unrest and temptation; on
that—peace and rest from all earth's
tiresome things. "Over the hill" we
look with wistful eyes when, con-

quered by some cruel fate, or crushed
by some bitter discouragement, we
feel the iron of the world within our
souls. "Over the hill," when some
lesson of life has left us helpless
and hopeless, and robbed us of all
the little strength and courage our
struggles have left us. "Over the
hill," we see the glimmer of the
crown, shining above the marble
memorial and we recall, with a peace
that passeth understanding, that
when the night shadows fall too heav-
ily for longer toil, the dear Lord
giveth his children rest and sleep,
on the other side of the "low green
curtain that never outward swings."

Looking Above

These beautiful evenings, when
we are forced out of the house by
the oven-like heat, may be made
most wonderfully entertaining, and
add greatly to our knowledge of the
worlds about us, if we cultivate an
acquaintance with the heavenly
bodies through a good telescope, or
even a good field glass. How very
few of us know that the great plan-
ets are accompanied by satellites—
moons, not only one, but many, and
these little moons are clearly to be
seen through the aid of the glass.
To thousands of people, the stars
are but mere specks of light hung,
they wot not where or how, in the
depths of the heavens. They seldom
lift their eyes to the "beauty of the
heavens," nor can they give a name
to more than half a dozen of the
most brilliant, if even so many. The
"constellations" are myths to them,
and few of them could be outlined or
located by the chance observer. Yet
to one who has even a school boy's
knowledge of astronomy, and the
smallest thread of sentiment in his
soul, the star-studded heavens is one
of the sublimest of all spectacles. It
is the only one which can give even
a glimpse of the vastness of the In-
finite and Eternal. "What is man,
that Thou art mindful of him," is
the cry of the forgotten poet, as he
considers the glories of the heavens.
Even a good opera glass will greatly
multiply the number of visible stars
in any group. Taking the little
group we call the Pleiades, with its
six visible stars, a good opera glass
will multiply the number many times,
while a most powerful instrument
will bring into view several thou-
sands. Sixty or more of these sur-
pass our sun in splendor, one of
them being a thousand times more
brilliant. Astronomers calculate that
this constellation has a diameter of
more than 40,000,000,000 miles. So
far away from us are the Pleiades
that, if our sun were there, it would
hardly be visible through the opera
glass that shows us nearly a hundred
new stars in the group—a group that
compared to which our own solar
system is scarcely more than a cele-
stial toy. Will you not study the
stars these nights?

For the Hot Days

We are tired of the cooking and
cleaning, the washing and bleaching
and ironing; the sight of the pots,
pans and kettles fills us with dis-
gust, and the thought of the sewing
machine gets onto our nerves. The
work of canning, pickling and pre-
serving literally "ads fuel to the
flame," and nothing seems so desir-
able as just to turn off the gas, cool
the coal range, stuff the perishable
things in the ice chest, shut up the

house and betake ourselves to the
cool green woods and purling wa-
ters. The thought of mountains,
lakeside, rivers and seashore gives
us a veritable headache of longing,
but one glance at our pocket book
shows us how very impractical such
longings are. What may we do to
rest our minds and bodies these hot,
irritating days?

Now, do you ever try to realize
that a "tour of the world" or of
any given part of the continent, is
not such an impossibility, if we only
go about it in earnest? In many
cases, we need not go far from our
own domicile in order to know a
great deal about a great many places.
If you have a town or village li-
brary, there are always books of
travel which can be borrowed; the
advertisements of the great railways
and steamship lines are to be had
for the asking, and many of their
booklets are veritable storehouses of
knowledge. Their descriptions are
made clear by both print and picture,
and are accurate, because they have
to be, even though they present only
the alluring side. The study of these
books of travel may be a family af-
fair, or you can take the trip alone.
It is very interesting, and if you
put in only an hour or two a day,
pouring over them, together with a
good map—which is generally fur-
nished among the advertising matter,
you will get a very clear idea of the
"lay of the land," from which knowl-
edge you can converse very intelli-
gently and understandingly with
your friends who have made the trip
in person. Try this, if you can do
no better, and if you find some day
that you really can take the trip,
the knowledge will be of great ser-
vice to you in many ways.

A Profitable Vacation

Mrs. G., of Illinois, says: "Tell
our women readers to make ready
to attend the state fair, and take as
many of the family with you as you
can manage. The county fair should
not be impossible for the whole fam-
ily, but if you have to be at much
expense for the trip to the state fair,
there must be discrimination. Yet
it could be accomplished without so
very great cost, if you would try the
old-fashioned way of traveling with
your own conveyance. If you can
not afford an automobile, take the
big farm wagon. Get a stout cover
for it, and if you have to make it
up at home, make it serviceable. A
good canvas cover will last many
seasons, if you take care of it and
keep it for the one purpose of pleas-
ure. Take whatever you need (mind,
I say 'need') to sleep on, and a big
box of substantial provisions, with
the air-spaces filled in with 'goodies.'
A small alcohol stove, that will an-
swer every purpose, can be had for
from two to five dollars, and this
like the canvas cover, if taken care
of, is a good investment—you will
find it 'available' for many days and
seasons. Take a 'fireless cooker' with
it. Wear serviceable clothing, and
take only that kind with you. Leave
the fancy suits at home. Take toilet
articles—wash hand basin, wash
cloths, soap, towels, combs, hair-
brush and mirror, and it would not
be a waste of energy to slip in the
clothes brush and the shoe-black-
ing outfit. Do not wear new, unbroken
shoes! Go, expecting to enjoy your-
self, and to make the trip enjoyable
to others. You will find plenty of
company there, sensible men and

women, who combine profit with
pleasure, and many of these sensible
people will go in their own convey-
ances. Begin now to plan, and plan
closely and wisely. If you can stay
but a day—two days—go, and go de-
termined to get all the good possible
out of the trip. Teach the young
folks that part of the responsibility
of the trip must rest in their hands,
and don't take mother along just
because she will 'come handy' about
meal-time."

Reminders

Whatever you do, whether you
stay at home, or go away on a camp-
ing expedition, do not neglect the
fireless cooker. If you can not af-
ford the manufactured article, try
the home-made one. Even the crude
home-made affair should convince
you, if you give it a fair trial, that
the principle on which they are run
is right and a money as well as time
and strength saver. There are sev-
eral makes which claim to bake, and
responsible writers and editors as-
sure us that they do what they
claim. The use of a cooker in ex-
pert hands, such as any housewife
may become with practice, will not
only give better meals, but will les-
sen the fuel bill and give the house-
wife the rest she needs.

The principle on which the baking
is done is something like that of the
old-time baking oven which our
mothers set over a bed of coals, and
then covered the lid with coals to
cook the top of the contents. Two
plates are heated very hot, one of
them put into the bottom of the cook-
er, the food set on it and covered
with the other heated plate, the
whole covered closely, and the bak-
ing is well done. Such cookers cost
about ten or twelve dollars, and have
several other cooking vessels.

There is a cover which is to be fit-
ted to the gas stove, and it is claimed
that the cooking can be done much
cheaper, several vessels set on the
cover, kept cooking from the heat
of one burner. With two burners
going it is claimed that as many
things can be cooked as can be crowd-
ed on the top of the stove—just as
is the case with the coal or wood
range.

Denatured alcohol is the ordinary
alcohol of commerce rendered unfit
for drinking by the addition of some
soluble substance, and it is claimed
that this alcohol is a cheaper, clean-
er, safer fuel and a better illuminant
than coal oil, and for cooking is
cheaper than coal.

Echoes of the Panic

A report of the New York state
board of charities shows that the
increased cost to the state for the
support of needy people since the be-
ginning of the financial depression
last fall, has been \$3,000,000. In
New York City, during the year just
passed, the number of persons com-
mitted to public charitable institu-
tions whose applications for relief
were investigated, was double that
of the preceding year. The state
board removed 903 aliens to their
homes in other states and countries,
and in addition 2,420 persons com-
mitted to New York City public
charity institutions were examined
but not removed for various causes.
If it were possible to get statistics
of those who suffered in silence,
those who saw their savings of years
slowly but surely dwindle away, and
with them their hopes of a comfort-
able nest egg for declining years,
the cost of the panic would add a
good many millions more.—Ex.

Some Tried Recipes

If rice is cooked in the usual way
—in a double boiler with slow cook-
ing, it will become a pasty mass.
Try this way: Wash and clean and